WASHINGTON TIMES

Christmastide Season of Love

To love is to live. To aspire is to grow into larger life.

Lowly was the origin of man. Long and laggard has been the story of human unfolding. Lofty beyond our imagining, is our certain destiny.

"It does not yet appear what we shall be."

At Christmastide the western world is bathed in the finer ather of love and aspiration. We celebrate a spiritual attitude. Some of us acclaim a God become flesh, and all of us hail the Human Being growing gradually and steadily in Godliness.

To love is to live. To aspire is to grow.

Then let us love, that we may know more of life.

Daily let us widen the spiral of our sympathy, until it incrudes not only our kind of blood and our kind of soul, but even those whom the various and dividing differences among men keep far distant from our understanding and good will. Let us crowd hatred out of our hearts by flooding them

And may we aspire always to grow in human stature.

In the greatest and best that have been, may we see the

image of what we might be.

Always may we be haunted by that "sublime discontent" which proclaims our dissatisfaction with the MEN WE ARE and our aspiration toward the Greater Man, the very God we CAN be.

Happiness-the World's Great Force

It Is the Power That Lifts Humanity and the Individual.

Happiness is a beautiful word; it represents to the mind the perfect condition. It is a force of the soul that triumphs over difficulties, makes the hard road seem smooth and the tall mountain easy to climb.

Happiness is the power that lifts man above material conditions, lifts him with self-confidence, and especially with a desire to extend to others the happiness that is within him.

Happiness transforms the human face and the mind, and to the eyes of the happy man it transforms the whole of the world. A dark and murky day becomes gay and cheerful to the work-

ing, honest soul that has found happiness.

Happiness is the reward of EVERY good action. Happiness is as diverse in its nature as are human beings in their

The mother with her helpless child, caring for it, sacrificing herself, is blissfully happy. Her happiness is in self-denial.

And He taught us that real happiness is found in love for one another, in love which is always unselfish and noble when it is pure. "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another."

A NEW commandment, indeed, given to a world of brutality; a commandment that must sound strangely into some of our ears now, but a commandment that is ETERNAL, AND THAT WILL ONE DAY BE THE LAW FOR EVERY LIV-

If you were celebrating the birthday of your father you would want to do some one thing that would please him. On Christmas we celebrate the birthday of a great, unselfish spirit—one that found happiness in giving up all for others.

Spread happiness around you. Cultivate happiness within yourselves. It is the force that moves the world—the force that will make this dull civilization and this harsh court a

that will make this dull civilization and this harsh earth a

Giordano Brune, burned alive for the truth, tied to the stake nd speaking kindly to the unthinking little child that carried a faggot to put at his feet, died happy—happy that he could testify in death to the truth for which he had lived.

Newton, working out the long and painful mathematical calculations destined, he hoped, to prove the accuracy of his theory, found that mathematics, eternally truthful, was about to reward him. Overcome with happiness, he could not go on, and others finished for him the calculation that confirmed the immortality of his name and glory. His was the supreme happiness of cold, intellectual achievement—a happiness that might be compared to that of the ordinary man as you compare a sharp, well-cut, glistening diamond to a soft, perish-

The man who fights for his country and is rewarded is happy The man who plods on unknown, unrecognized each day in his dull routine, working for those that need him, is happy. The man of any kind WHO WORKS FOR ANOTHER

HUMAN BEING, OR LOVES ANOTHER UNSELFISHLY AND TRULY, IS HAPPY.

Happiness is the world's great power; the most beautiful thing on this earth; the thing that for all human beings is the most to be desired. The Christmas holidays are the season for happiness for

many. They should mean happiness for all, and will mean happiness for all one day. . Christmas is the most beautiful of all days of the year, because it has become a day dedicated especially to giving happiness to others.

Happiness once created is eternal. It goes on, blessing him that gives and him that receives. It spreads from one to another; it brings the warmth of the sun and the beauty of nature into the human heart. It makes the old young; it is the reward of the young and the strong that give happiness to those that are old and to those that are weak.

"Trading Unity for North America"

Here's a Wise Canadian.

Mr. Cromie's Vancouver Sun talks good common sense for all this continent. "Political ties and empire loyalty have nothing to do with trade conditions and commercial facilities." Mr. Cromie observes that the British embargo shuts Canadian cattle out of Britain as effectively as the Fordney tariff shuts the cattle out of the United States.

The solution of many problems, says Mr. Cromie, is for the United States, Canada and Mexico "to recognize the unity of

North America for trading purposes."

That is sound. Nobody here in the United States wants for Canada anything but the fullest measure of prosperity. The two countries, both republics, in spite of Canada's loyalty to the British Empire, should co-operate as friends in goodnatured rivalry. Canada teaches us many things by her energy, her power to make government useful to the people. Certain things, perhaps, we can teach her.

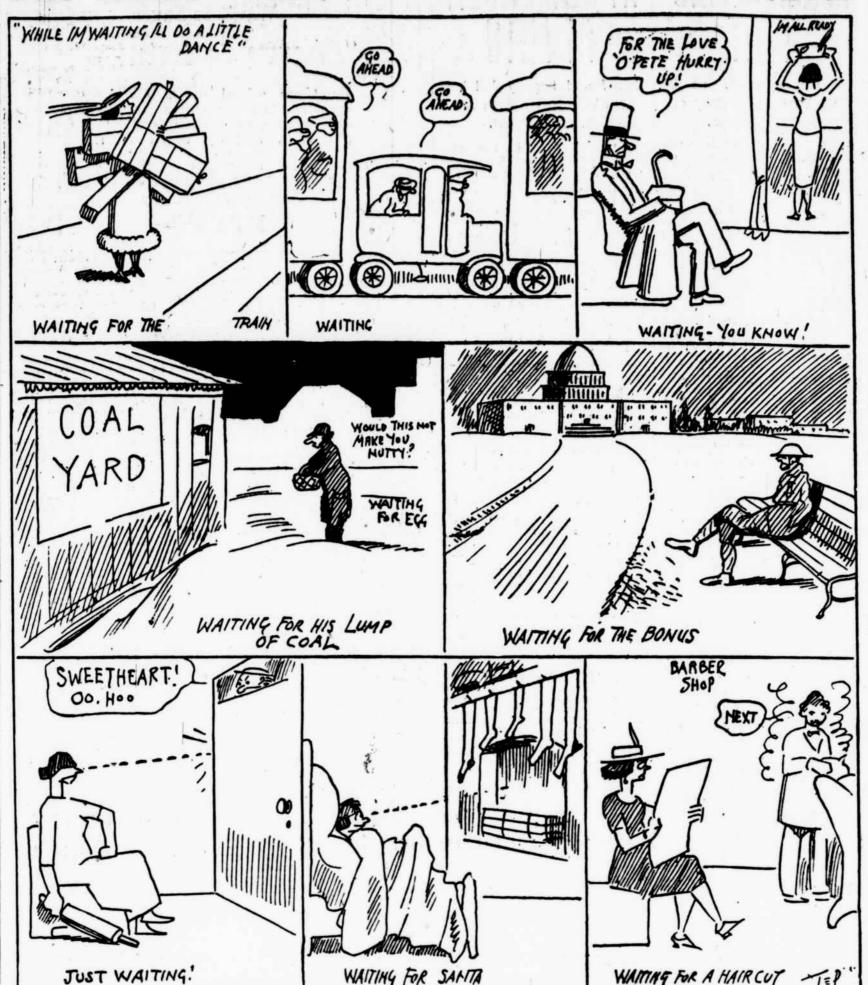
In any case, we live in friendship, no soldiers on the frontier, no battleships on the lakes and rivers between us-and may there never be any.

Here in North America white civilization may one day make its victorious stand against yellow Asia, after Europe shall have fought herself into feebleness. All North America, closely united, not forgetting Mexico, and ATTENDING TO ITS OWN BUSINESS, need fear nothing outside.

The Xmas Waits



By T. E. Powers



WORDS FROM THE LIPS OF **WISE MEN**

be planted in solitude, but must be cultivated in public.

True happiness consists no: in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice

Joy descends upon us like the evening dew and does not patter down like a hailstorm.

He that places himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do exercises the truest hu-

Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill, We may be independent if we

Modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness if it suppresses his virtue and hides it from the world when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself. (Copyright, 1922, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

SAP AND SALT

By BERT MOSES-It is easier to keep fat than

Custom is an excuse that many a man offers to his conscience.

Some people spend nine-tenths of life keeping out of a draught.

Men who buy housese first and autos afterward are looked upon

as eccentric. The son going to college can teach his father more things than the colleges teach the son.

A farmer's ambition is to move to town and loaf, while a city man wants to do his loafing on

A certain amount of rheumatism is necessary to qualify you for a reliable weather prophet.

Whatever you expose yourself to, you get, and this applies to happiness as well as to the flu.

The supreme duty of both the government and the individual is to get along without things that can't be afforded.

Hez Heck says: "Don't use your hindsight on yer troubles." (Copyright, 1922, by Premier Syndicate, Inc.)

Counting Human Hairs. After counting all the hairs on the heads of the students, two professors at the university in Munich, Germany, found that men have from 40,000 to 50,000 hairs on their heads, while women have from 50,000 to 70,000.

Lucy Lowell Tells How Lonely Little Xmas Tree Became Most Beautiful in City

By Lucy Lowell.

HERE will be no very great effort at philosophy in this article. Indeed, I shall not conspicuously hold out a clew to

a new thought! But if you should look 'round for yourself and find one, a new thought, why, I should love it! So here is my story of a Christmas tree:

It stood in quite the greenest, spiciest, delightfulest, Christmas-iest place in the whole city, and that was the market-place itself. And it was one of a whole for est of trees, firmly rooted in strange and earthlike wooden stands; so firmly rooted that it was exactly as if they stood on their northern hillside with the Arctic wind crooning through

heir branches and stray snowflakes settling on their needles. And what do you think my own little Christmas tree kept sighing as the wind, not its own northern wind, but the gentler city wind, rushed along the street and gave it the ability to talk? Not a sigh at all, but more a

prayer, like this: Great God of Christmas, whom I serve with my greenness and fragrance, let me help to make this Yule day merry."

And the forest grew smaller and smaller as Christmas Eve wore along. People came and bargained in bluff, cheery voices. Money clinked. Trees were car-ried away and decorated with shining stars and tinsel and golden balls and things that glittered and gleamed, with candles flam-ing like symbols of the eternally recurring miracle of birth and

And the trees leaned a little toward the bargainers and nodded in welcome and were happy. But the evening wore along and

the sidewalk forest grew thinner and thinner and only a half dozen of them were left, and then only three, and at last only another besides this one. Then the other was carried away and the clock struck midnight and the market man turned out his lights

and went away and there was darkness; still, still darkness. The little Christmas tree The little Christmas tree drooped in sorrow and what the wind drew from its branches was very like a sob. No glitter, no

gleam, no shining star! But the Christmas angels sent rain in the night and the wind grew fiercely, wondrously cold, so that every drop, every point of moisture, was frozen.

And when the Christmas sun

rose the little Christmas tree was decked in frost-work like chains of silver cut by a master hand, and with gleaming points of ice brighter than all the candle flames in all the whole great

caught the frozen raindrop on the very topmost twig and set it ablaze, and it was so golden and splendid that it almost might have been the Bethlehem star :t-

And there was a man for whom Christmas had died long, iong oe fore, and he saw the little Christ-mas tree and he stopped and unbelieve it was true, he whispered

And there was a woman who bore the mark of too much life on her face, and she stopped on her furtive way to look and won-der, and finally to stand with tears running down her cheeks.

There were little newsles, and you'd have known they'd never had a part in the holiday before if you watched them gather. And poor, tired old men came up from round the corner and down the narrow street where no hope is. And scrubwomen straightened their bowed shoul-

ders, and, oh, what a party it

was to be sure!
And the little Christmas tree shimmered and glistened and shed the star upon its very top-most twig, and I am sure I un-derstood what it said in the wind: Great God of Christmas, I have served to make Thy Yule day

(Copyright, 1922, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Question of Taste Not of Health, Says Specialist

By International News Service.
T. LOUIS.—Is cigarette smoking threatening the future of the American race and is it developing a menace to mother-Over in dear ol' London the

medical authorities fancy it is. Summed up, the reply of neurologists here amounts to a couple of

"There are just two kinds of women in this country who bother about smoking," according to the version of a leading St. Louis specialist. 'One is the neurotic, rest-less, idle married woman, the kind that easily becomes a 'fiend,' and the other is the flapper who takes

a cigarette just to make believe she's a good sport. Neither class is seriously threatening the future of the race. Mexican women have been smoking pretty hard for centuries, and so far as I know that

turies, and so far as I know that race isn't becoming extinct.

"It isn't a matter of health or morals. I'd call it just a question of taste. Let the social improvement 'bugs' so after it as a vice if they are so inclined, but for heaven's sake don't assection. heaven's sake, don't associate such nonsense with the sacred name of science!

"Vigorous, healthy women who are doing the world's work and bearing children, as they should, aren't bothering about smoking,"

STUDENTS ASK FOR THRILLS LACK THRIFT

By Universal Service. BERKELEY, Cal.—The average college person thinks only of pleasure. He is short-sighted in financial matters.

This opinion, based upon a survey of the manner in which students use their pocketbooks, was given to the University of California student body recently in an address by Prof. N. J. Silberling, of the department of economics. In part, he said:

The average college student Students of today are spending too much for thrills. The pleasure of the moment seems to be

the only consideration. There is not enough money spent by students for books and such things as add to the accumulation of knowledge. Referring to the student who is

forced to work his way through college. Prof. Silberling said: "In his case thrift is a forced habit, and in case of persistence it is to be admired."

In contrast with such a student, Prof. Silberling discussed another type, stating:
"He is the obnoxious student

who, though he has as much to spend as anyone, plays the part of social sponge while his own capital remains untouched. "Another example of false thrift is that of the student who invents a hundred pathetic ways of living

within an inadequate income instead of planning one effective way of obtaining the necessary ina student is not to be admired for thrift, because he shows stupidity and little initia-

Continuing his remarks on thrift, Prof. Silberling said: "Students are not to be blamed for careless spending, because all young people are guilty of thriftlessness to a certain extent. There

is no incentive for them to be otherwise. The professor urged parents to allow their sons and daughters at college "a little leeway" in money matters-those who can possibly afford to-stating that there are so many activities at college in which wide-awake young people must take part, and that all cost

He deplores the system, but claimed that it could not changed.

German Shave Costs 2 Eggs

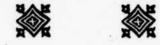
sentful, in South Germany, have issued a new price table in which the following items occur:

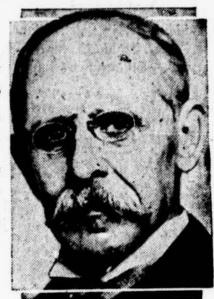
Shave—2 eggs.

Haircut—4 pigs.

GARRETT P. SERVISS ON A BEE CHARMER

More Experiences of Girl Who Makes Pets of Dangerous Little Insects Which Most People Give Wide Berth-How Strange Power Is Acquired.





GARRETT P. SERVISS.

By Garrett P. Serviss,

Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

TOLD last summer of my bee charming friend in Amsterdam, N. Y. Frankly, I take a personal interest in her halo since she is a cousin of mine, in the second generation—and now I have a letter recounting new instances of what some would call sympathetic understanding and friendly trust between her and the little inhabitants of the world the little inhabitants of the world of wings. I like to record these things, because I don't like the mechanistic view of the animal world. If the lower creatures are nothing more than chemical en-gines, then we, too, are only chem-

gines, then we, too, are only chemical engines, with a little additional craft in our make-up, and that I don't believe at all.

"Had a lot of fun this fall," writes my cousin, "with some honey-bee workers. The early frost just about killed the flowers, so I had a number of bee friends, who came to be fed on pears. They became very tame. Two of them let me rub them while they were eating. One stopwhile they were eating. One stop-ped for a second and turned its head, looking at me: Then went on eating. Their little hairy bodies are just like velvet.

Yellow Jacket on Eyeglass. "Also there was a cute little yellow jacket. And one day one of those long-legged black wasps that I have never cared much for wanted to wash its face after cating, so flew up on one of my glasses and sat there, washit

face!
"My latest friend was a bird—starling. You know them? A good-sized bird. Found him one morning in the garret, flying wild-ly around. I opened a window and by noon he had gone. He was there again next morning. He wasn't so much afraid, flew around a bit, then on a line, then down on the floor, walking around. I opened the window, stepped aside, and out he went.

"The next morning I heard a noise up there, and there he was, trying to fly through the glass. get away from the window. Sat on the upper part of the window sash while I looked at him and rubbed him. Also sat there while I raised the window, with him on the sash. Then I shoved him off and he waited nearby until I had it fixed; then flew out. Marion thinks that in some way these creatures feel that they will not get hurt."

I may add that the animal-

TOLD last summer of my bee charming power (if it should be charming friend in Amsterdam, N. Y. Frankly, I take well known to all her intimate friends. It seems mysterious be-cause it is not often seen in operation, but I have no doubt that every normal human being possesses the germ of it.

Its basis is an open, unprejudiced, friendly character, loving all nature, without guile and consequently without suspicion—the kind of character that put St. Francis in a lofty niche of the world's history. But it is a delicate flower which does not see the state flower which does not see the state flower which does not see the second seed of the seed of t cate flower which does not re-joice and freely flourish in the poisonous social atmosphere that man has created for himself. Those in whom it blooms best are those who live closest to unsophisticated nature.

Boy's Wonderful Power.

A most remarkable example of an unclerical St. Francis, who could charm birds and bees, and even make friends of flowers and stones, walked the New England highroads and bypaths in the time of my earliest boyhood —Henry David Thoreau. Robert Louis Stevenson has painted him at a stroke: "In his dealings with animals

he was the original of Haw-thorne's Donatello. He pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail (most country boys will tell you that it is difficult to get within ten rods of a live wood-chuck); the hunted fox came to him for protection; wild squirrels have been seen to nestle in his waistcoat; he would thrust his arm into a pool and bring forth a bright, panting fish lying un-dismayed in the palm of his hand."

But Emerson has best described the wonderful sympathetic rela-tion between Thoreau and wild nature: "He was especially happy in forecasting spring Some years he was fortunate enough to detect in the morning twilights a peculiar roseate tongue, or halo, the snood of spring herself, and even her ou line in the peculiar light of the moon as reflected from the higher hills and mountains. He always felt (insensible to us) the coming heat fluent between the

earth crust and branches.' To those who do not know these words of Emerson may seem extravagant, but whoever communes enough with nature is aware of their truthfulness.

THREE-MINUTE JOURNEYS WHERE RENT IS ONE RED ROSE A YEAR

By TEMPLE MANNING F YOU should happen to be in + yearly dues one red rose, and he Manheim, a small town in the State of Pennsylvania on the

a very pretty ceremony. You would see a long procession of men and women each carrying a beautiful red rose. They go every year on June 1 to the Spiege residence to pay rent for their quaint little house of worship, known as the "Red Rose Church. These people are the congregation of this church.

first of June, you would witness

Such a poetic manner of rent paying, of course, is not a modern idea. "How can such a matter-offact business as paying for the use of property have the beauty of a red rose introduced?" asks the stranger, who fancies it might be a pretty idea taken from old

Victorian comic opera. In 1772 William Henry Spiegel leased this little house for a church to a congregation. only asked as rent that each as permember pay as his part of the rent.

kindly selected June the first as the date the payment should be

So, on this day each member of the Red Rose Church picks the finest red rose he can find and in Pennsylvania at this time the roses are beautiful and grow luxuriously-and goes to the Spiegel house to pay his share of the rent for the little church where he

In addition to this rent the congregation as a whole is required to pay five shillings. And English shillings they must be—not their equivalent.

The yearly payment, in accordance with this peculiar lease, attracts many visitors to this little town. As they go away they all wish there were more kind landlords who would be satisfied with a box of American Beauties delivered on the first day of June as payment for a whole year's

ONCE OVERS

DIFFERENT KINDS OF PRESENTS

Almost everyone possesses something within him that would help, encourage or uplift another person. What quality do you possess which you might use to help

Perhaps you feel that you have little or nothing, being a common every-day sort of individual with just about brains enough to make a living.

Well, it is something to be able to support a family, but you can go a little greater length and say a kind word.

Sympathy for those who need sympathy. You can do this. You could inconvenience yourself a bit and get around to see and call on certain ones you know cannot get out

It would not hurt you to sit by the bedside of a sick friend, to carry a book to a convalescent, nor to take a word of cheer to one who is ill, No financial outlay or unusual talent is required to be

Giving aid and comfort to the soul is sometimes more appreciated than gifts bought with a price. All of us are too self-centered, too grasping, too eager for

This is a season for overcoming selfishness. Give yourself.

BERLIN-The barbers of Och-